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O D E

ON THE

Victory of Waterloo.

BY

ELIZABETH COBBOLD.

IPSWICH:

Printed for the Author by J. Raw,

AND SOLD BY MESSRS. LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON; MR. DECK, BURY ST. EDMUNDS;
AND MR. KEYMER, COLCHESTER.

1815.

*The Profits of the Sale to be appropriated to the Waterloo
Subscription.*



TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES,
Regent

OF THE
UNITED BRITISH EMPIRE,

*In ADMIRATION of that exalted and unremit-
ting BENEVOLENCE which in Adversity fostered and
supported, and has twice pre-eminently led to the
Restoration of, the ROYAL HOUSE OF FRANCE,*

*In VENERATION of the FIRMNESS that combined,
strengthened, and secured the dearest Interests of
EUROPE,*

And in GRATITUDE for the Blessings which, under the Guidance of divine Providence, his steady and prosperous Government has preserved to the BRITISH NATION,

With the ardent Feelings of Patriotism, and the loyal Duty of an Englishwoman,

The following Poem

Is very respectfully inscribed by

His Royal Highness's

most humble, most obedient,

and most devoted Subject and Servant,

ELIZABETH COBBOLD.

HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH,
August 12th, 1815.

O D E

ON THE

VICTORY OF WATERLOO.

I.

HOW lately, in delusive State,
Bright Peace enthron'd in sunbeams sate,
Her snowy banner wide unfurl'd
And seem'd to smile on all the world !
While Joy and Fancy round her head
Bright wreaths of rainbow lustre spread,
And ev'ry eye, and every breast,
The beatific vision blest !
We gaz'd upon the pageant fair,
And, as we gaz'd, each vivid hue,
Each floating form of grace withdrew,
And all the fairy scene dissolv'd in air.

II.

The rivers of fraternal blood
 That swell'd thy stream, polluted Seine !
 Roll'd not innocuous to the main ;
 A stagnant and corrupted flood
 They delug'd all thy marshy plain :
 And thence the Sun, whose vernal smile
 Had fertiliz'd a purer soil,
 In heavy mists, and baleful dew,
 The pestilential vapors drew,
 Till cloud on cloud, in cumbrous fold,
 The Tempest's bulky volume roll'd,
 And Demons wild, of giant form,
 Hung on the Darkness and embraced the Storm !
 There Anarchy Ambition join'd ;
 Revenge with brutal Rage combin'd ;
 And Murder's deep tremendous yell
 Woke each associate of hell :
 The Demonband, with furious cry,
 Their leader call'd from Elba's rock,
 Not Lucifer who dar'd defy
 High Heav'n, more willingly could fly
 To guide and concentrate the Tempest's shock !

III.

Beneath that fierce and ruthless Storm
 The Lilies droop'd : the fairest form
 That brighten'd Gallia's plain
 Strove with the blast, and strove in vain,
 To raise her meek and spotless head :
 But BRUNSWICK'S Star benignant shed
 Its influence on the drooping Flow'r ;
 She felt the dew of Pity's tear,
 The beam of Hope her faintness cheer,
 And liv'd and bloom'd in Albion's shelt'ring bow'r.

IV.

First hope of Britain's royal race,
 O never that attractive Grace,
 So justly term'd *thine own*,
 With such celestial lustre shone,
 As when it dried fair Bourbon's tears,
 And cheer'd her hopes, and sooth'd her fears,
 And pointed to her native Throne !

V.

By Treason rous'd, Napoleon sprung
Like lurking Tiger from his den,
And far and wide the death cry flung,
And rear'd the blood-strip'd flag again :
But Britain's firmness prov'd a charm
To wither that despotic arm,
Which, grasping empire, would have hurl'd
Destruction o'er a subjugated world.

VI.

The Tyrant with presumptuous boast
Led forth his dark collected host,
The host of fickle France,
All gleaming in the bright array
Of cuirass, helm and lance :
For battle's onset prompt to burn,
As prompt the flying foot to turn
When Fortune turn'd the Day.

VII.

To fight he strode, and with him came,
Profaning Friendship's sacred name,

His warrior Captains known to Fame,
 To Infamy as truly known ;
 Who, when subdued their Leader's pride,
 With coward Falsehood left his side,
 And hurl'd him from his Throne.
 Allur'd by plunder, or by pow'r,
 His steps they track in evil hour :
 So dogs, with vulture troops combin'd,
 Hunt their foul quarry down the wind,
 And snuff the air, and scent from far
 The blood and carcasses of war.

VIII.

As bursts the thunder from the cloud,
 As beats the hail storm rattling loud,
 As sweeps the blast its raging course,
 So rush'd their battle's mingled force !
 As meets that storm the lofty rock,
 Firm Brandenburg receiv'd the shock ;
 Rent trees and cliffs in ruins lie,
 The awful mass still frowns on high,
 In undiminish'd majesty !
 So undismay'd, so wildly grand
 Appear'd the Vet'ran's dauntless band ;

Though Haror call'd her hosts from far,
 Though Gallia's overwhelming war
 With slaughter strew'd the plain,
 Still their rent ranks unyielding clos'd,
 Still battle's steady front oppos'd,
 And ev'ry Warrior ere he fell,
 Inscrib'd his valor's record well
 In heaps of foemen slain.

IX.

O for the Inspiration high
 That woke the holy lyre,
 To such celestial harmony,
 As quell'd the Demon's ire,
 Or led the glad triumphant choir,
 That with light step exulting trode
 Before the sacred Ark of God !
 Then should the songs of woe,
 That sadly celebrate the mighty slain,
 In plaintive numbers flow
 To soothe the Mourner's pain,
 Till ev'n the Widow's and the Orphan's eye
 Should glisten, as the changing strain,
 By soft degrees, from Pity's sigh
 Evolv'd high notes of victory,

And ev'ry chord combin'd to raise
The full, the perfect strain, to hymn Britannia's praise.

X.

But O what song the praise can tell
Of those who, self-devoted, fell,
When ev'ry gallant leader fought
As if that glorious day he sought
To win as bright a wreath from Fame
As circles WELLINGTON'S immortal name ?
Each persevering soldier too,
A leader in that battle grew,
And felt as resolute in fight,
As firm, in British hardihood,
As though upon his single might
His country's bulwark stood.

XI.

A wall of life the serried square appears,
In mute and horrible array
Of motionless protruded spears :——
The fierce steed trembles to essay

The fatal charge, and starting back,
 Regardless of the spur or rein,
 Shrinks, snorting, from the vain attack :
 Urg'd on again to brave the shock,
 His madd'ning cries the effort mock,
 And wildly o'er the plain,
 Spurning control, the chargers fly,
 With shiver'd bit and bursting girth ;
 Till sweeps the thundering grape-shot bye,
 And hurls, in dread fraternity,
 Th' unbroken ranks to earth !

XII.

Ev'n as they stood in death they lay :—
 The glazing eye, the livid brow,
 Still frown'd defiance on the foe ;
 Each breast high swol'n still seem'd to feel,
 Each stiffen'd hand still grasp'd the steel,
 In that same mute and horrible array.

XIII.

As fell that brother band, what cries
 From England, Scotland, Erin rose !
 What shouts of vengeance rent the skies !
 How shrank appall'd the startled foes !
 Yet, furious in the fight,
 Of cuirass'd strength and numbers vain,
 They turn'd like rabid wolves again,
 With shrieking yell, and savage might :
 Then WELLINGTON's inspiring glance
 Beam'd on the Brunswick's noble band,
 As, proudly graceful in command,
 He led the charge, and wav'd his hand
 Indignant tow'rd's the host of France.
 As Britain's sons the signal saw,
 Burst from their line the loud "*Hurrah !*"
 And by revenge and valor driv'n,
 They rush'd, the thunderbolts of heav'n !
 Then Gallia's falt'ring ranks recoil'd
 In terror and confusion wild,
 And in their rapid racing strife,
 Each fled for individual life,
 As not alone from Death they flew
 But all Hell's added horrors too.

XIV.

And where, in that tremendous hour,
 Where was their Leader's mighty mind?
 Recall'd it not his shatter'd pow'r,
 Their order rallied, force combin'd,
 With stern command their panic quell'd,
 Their courage cheer'd, their fear dispell'd?
 The Eagle snatch'd from weaker hands,
 And as he rais'd th' imperial ensign high,
 In well known accents call'd his bands,
 Who, broken, trembling, hopeless, fled,
 To follow, where his footsteps led,
 To instant death or victory,
 And with decisive prompt array
 Reserv'd, if not redeem'd the Fortune of the Day?

XV.

 O no :—in shameless flight,
 Wrapt in the robes of selfishness and night,
 He left his scatter'd host,
 And to the guilty city flew,
 In hopes with plausible and lying boast,
 O'er Anarchy's unsteady crew,
 His dream of Empire to renew.

XVI.

Yes, he whom Faction proudly styl'd

“ The Arbiter of Fate ;”

“ Delighted Valor's fav'rite Child ”

“ The brave, the wise, the fortunate ;—”

Yes, he, Napoleon ! Godlike Man !

Philosophy and Reason's pride,

Of western Empire giant Lord,

Whom Treason lov'd, and Infidels ador'd,

From the first turn of Battle's tide

In abject terror ran.

XVII.

And when the stillness of the night,

Scarce broken by the dying groan,

Or wounded Warrior's feeble moan,

Succeeded to the clang of fight,

The clouded Moon, with sickly gleam,

Glanc'd on that field her coldest beam

And shuddering look'd, with aspect froze,

On corpses, scatter'd arms, and stagnant pools of gore.

XVIII.

Then o'er the bloody plain
As Victory stretch'd her eagle wing,
And wav'd her wreath on high,
A tear from Pity's holy spring
Stood trembling in her eye;
She mourn'd her many Heroes slain,
And wept amid her joy.

XIX.

That tear embalm'd the mighty dead,
It deckt with flow'r's their altar bed,
And thence celestial odours rise
In Blood atoning sacrifice,
And Victory's humid eyes
Are rais'd to Heav'n with Seraph glance
Of glorious and extatic trance,
As on her raptur'd vision press
Bright scenes of future happiness.

XX.

From France the haggard Fiends retire ;
Her fallen Tyrant quits the strife
And drags an ignominious life :
Religion shines again with purer fire,
And legal rule and social bliss combine:
Her vales the golden harvest fills ;
Luxuriant o'er her sunny hills
Ascends the clust'ring vine,
And Health, and ruddy Labour, lead
The merry dance along the mead,
While joyous Europe smiles to see
France blest with Order, Peace and Liberty.

XXI.

Again the tide of Commerce pours
Its flowing wealth on Britain's shores ;
Again from all her rocky bounds
The festal shout of Peace resounds ;

Her dusky Artisan prepares
 From swords to form the shining shares,
 The massy anvils ring :
 To sickles chang'd are gleaming spears,
 And as they reap the ripen'd ears,
 Her jocund Peasants sing :
 All rich in flocks and herds are seen
 Her fragrant hills, her pastures green :
 To ev'ry gale her flag unfurl'd,
 Triumphant floats the waters o'er,
 And as it greets each franchis'd shore,
 United Empires, great and free,
 Hail BRITAIN, EMPRESS of the SEA
 And GUARDIAN GENIUS of the WESTERN WORLD.

FINIS.

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